Not Letter Thence pumps from Dublin and the same person in June 1st
125-
POEMS

BY

MR. GRAY.

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Advertisement.

At the desire of some Gentlemen, for whose Taste and Judgment the Editor hath the greatest Respect, he has added to this Edition of Mr. Gray's Poems two Latin Translations of the celebrated Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard, with a poetical Address to the Author; one by the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, the other by an anonymous Person; as also a Translation of the same into Italian: which, it is hoped, will not be unacceptable to the classical Reader.
ODE

ON THE

SPRING.
O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.

L O! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venüs' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!

B 2

The
ODE ON THE SPRING.

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear, blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade *:
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At

* ——— a bank
O'ercanopy'd with luscious woodbine.
Shakespeare. Midsummer Night's Dream.)
ODE ON THE SPRING

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The infect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon *:

Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun †.

* "Nare per æstatem liquidam —"
  Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.

† —— sporting with quick glance
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.
To Contemplation's sober eye *
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
   In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
   They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
   A solitary fly!

* While insects from the threshold preach, &c.
Mr. Green, in the Grotto.
Ode on the Spring

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
   No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone——
We frolick, while 'tis May.
ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes:

B 5
ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

Though on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd

The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,

Gazed on the lake below.

Her
ODE ON THE DEATH OF

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes.
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.
The hapless Nymph with wonder saw,
A whisker first, and then a claw.

With
A FAVOURITE CAT.

With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish!

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant fate sat by, and smile'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Sufan heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From
From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glitters, gold.
ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

"Ανθρωπος ἵκανη πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

MENANDER.
ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
    That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
    Her HENRY's holy Shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below

Of

*King HENRY the Sixth, Founder of the College.*
ODE ON A DISTANT

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain?
I feel the gales, that from you blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say,

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.
Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
    Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
    The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glasy wave?
    The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
    Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
    Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
    To sweeten liberty:

    Some
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Their buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas,
Alas, regardless of their doom,
    The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
    Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
    And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band?
    Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
    The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
    And Shame that sculks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,

That
ODE ON A DISTANT

That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rite,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a Sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The fitings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness* laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo,

* — Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

*Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.*
PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain:
Th' unfeeling for his own,

Yet,
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.

Thought would destroy their paradise,
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.
A

LONG STORY.

C
A

LONG STORY.

IN Britain's Isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the pow'r of Fairy hands.

To raise the cieling's fretted height,
Each pannel in atchievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.
A L O N G S T O R Y.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the Brawls:
The Seal and Maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and fattin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the verflifying tribe!
Your History whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?

A House

* Hatton, preferred by Queen Elizabeth for his grace-
ful person and fine dancing.
A House there is, (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of Warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tisues,

The first came cap-à-pié from France,
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner Beauties eye a skance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tip'd her Arrows with good-nature.
To celebrate her eyes, her air,
Coarse panegyrics would but seize her,
Melissa is her Nomme de Guerre,
Alas, who would not wish to please her.

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P——t,
(By this time all the Parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet,

Who
A LONG STORY.

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dry'd up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manour of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

C 4

The
The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber,

Into the Draw'rs and China pry,
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears in a folio.
A L O N G S T O R Y

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says. (Who will, believe)
But that they left the door a-jarr,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,
The power of Magic was no fable.
Out of the window, whilk they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

C 5

The
The words too eager to unriddle
The poet felt a strange disorder:
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phæbus he prefer'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.
A LONG STORY.

The God-head would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a blush, on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was fale, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
'The Lady JANY, and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping.

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry
(* Styack has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand fentry,

* The HOUSE-KEEPER.
In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High Dames of Honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peeress comes: The Audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission;
She courtseys, as she takes his chair,
To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fence'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of *Squib,
And all that §Groom could urge against him,

But

* Groom of the Chambers. § The Steward.
A LONG STORY.

But soon his rhetorick forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor || Maclean.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park beneath an old-tree
" (Without design to hurt the butter,
" Or any malice to the poultry,)

" He once or twice had penned a sonnet;
" Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon:
" Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
" He ne'er was for a conjurer taken."

The

|| A famous highwayman hang'd the week before.
The ghostly Prudes, with hagged face, 
Already had condemn'd the dinner.

My Lady rose, and with a grace ——
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

"Jefu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
"Why, what can the Viscountsess mean
(Cry'd the square hoods in woeful fidget)
"The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
"Her air and all her manners shew it.
"Condemn'd me to her affability!
"Speak to a Commoner and Poet!"

[Here 500 Stanzas are loft.]

And
And so, God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers,
HYMN

to

ADVERSITY.

— Zēna

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς οἰδώ-
σαυτα, τῶ πάθει μαθών
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnon.
DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Pow'r,
    Thou Tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
    The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
           And
HYMN TO ADVERSiTY.

And purple Tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'ny Birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.

Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'ft her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe.

By
HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Inmers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic Train be there,
To soften, not to wound the heart,
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.
THE

PROGRESS of POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνάντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ ὁὰν ἐρμηνεύων χατίζει.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.
ADVERTISEMENT.

When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes; but he had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.
THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. i.

* A WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

* Awake, up my glory: awake, lute and harp. David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments,

Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The
The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described: its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.
A P I N D A R I C O D E.

I. 2

* Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.

† Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian Ode of Pindar.

† This is a weak imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.
60 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

I. 3.

*Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen

On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;

Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:

To brisk notes, in cadence beating,
†Glance their many-twinkling feet.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.

With arms sublime, that float upon the air,

In gliding State she wins her easy way:

O'er

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.
† Μαμαμυγας Ἡνετο ποδῶν Ἡλίμας ἐ δ θυμω.  
Homer. Od. Θ.
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
* The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

† Man's feeble race what IIs await,
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,

Her

* Λόγοις ὁ ἐν παραφέντιν
Παρίνοις τίς ἑρωκο. Phrynichus apud Athenaeum.

† To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to Mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the Night.

D 3
62 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
*Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

| In climes beyond the solar $ road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.

And

* Or seen the Morning's well-appointed Star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

Cowley.

| Extensive influence of poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

|$ Extra anni solisique vias ——”  Virgil.
| “Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.”  Petrarch, Canzon 2.
A P I N D A R I C O D E.

And oft, beneath the od’rous shade
Of Chili’s boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dilly Loves.
Her track, where’er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th’ unconquerable Mind, and Freedom’s holy flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o’er Delphi’s steep,
Isles, that crown th’ Ægean deep,

* Progrefs of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled into Italy, and formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them; but this School expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maëander's amber waves
In lingering Lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echos languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
'Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Pow'r,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit left,
They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.
Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil

________________________
* Shakespeare.
A P I N D A R I C O D E. 65

Her awful face: The dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
'Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He*, that rode sublune

Upon the seraph wings of Extasy,

The secrets of th' Abyfs to spy.

† He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
§ The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,

Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,

* Milton.
† "—flammantia mœnia mundi. Lucretius.
§ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels — And above the firmament, that was over their
THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

He saw: but blasted with excess of light,
* Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's legs presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
† Two Coursers of ethereal race,
‡ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long resounding pace.

Hark,

their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.

* ὄφθαλμῳ τοὺς ἀμφετήρας δίαν δ' ἐσπέραν ἀοίδην. Homer. Od.

† Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhimes.

‡ Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder?

Job.
III. 3.

Hark his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
* Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
† But ah! tis heard no more —
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor

* Words that weep, and tears that speak.
Cowley.

† We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses — above all, in the last of Caractacus,

Hark! heard ye not yon footsteps dread? &c.
Nor the Pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far— but far above the Great.

* Διὸς πετεινής ἔριδας Ἐτερ. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.
THE

B A R D,

A PINDARIC ODE.
ADVERTISEMENT:
The following ODE is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.
THE BARD,
A PINDARIC ODE.

I. i.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
"Confusion on thy banners wait,
"Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
"* They mock the air with idle state.
"Helm

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.
Shakespeare's King John.
"Helm, nor * Hauberks's twisted mail,
"Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
"To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
"From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"

Such were the founds, that o'er the † crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of ‡ Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.

Stout

* The Hauberks was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that fast close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

† — The crested adder's pride.

Dryden's Indian Queen.

‡ Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway built by King Edward I. says, "Ad ortum "annis Conway ad clivum montis Erey;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud "Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniae, erecta "erigi castrum forte."
A PINDARIC ODE.

Stout * Glo'fter stood aghaft in speechless trance; To arms! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood; Rob'd in the fable garb of woe, With haggard eyes the Poet stood;

( ‡ Loose his beard, and hoary hair § Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

"And

* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.
† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.
They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.
‡ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel; there are two of these paintings (both believed original) one at Florence, the other at Paris.
§ Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

Milton's Paradise Lost.
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!"
"O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
"Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
"Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
"To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
"That hush'd the stormy main:
"Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
"Mountains, ye mourn in vain
"Modred, whose magic song
"Made huge Pliniummon bow his cloud-top'd head,
"On
* On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
  "Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
  "Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
  "The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by.
  "Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
  "† Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
  "‡ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
  "Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
  "No

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.
† Cambden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named the Welch Craigian-eryri, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called the eagle's nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.]
‡ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
  That visit my sad heart—

"No more I weep. They do not sleep.
"On yonder cliffs, a grisly band
"I see them sit, they linger yet,
"Avengers of their native land:
"With me in dreadful harmony they join,
"And weave with bloody hands the tinsel of thy line."

H. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"† When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The

* See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.
† Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,

Shrieks of an agonizing King!

* She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
  That tear'd the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
† From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
  The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him wait!

Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd.
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
† Low on his funeral couch he lies!

No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

---

* Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.
† Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.
‡ Death of that King, abandoned by his Children, and even robbed in his last moments by his Courtiers and his Mistress.
"Is the sable Warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair § laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows;
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth on the brow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardles of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II.

* * Edward the Black Prince, died some time before his Father.
§ Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign.
See Froissard and other contemporary Writers.
II. 3.

"* Fill high the sparkling bowl,

    The rich repast prepare,

" Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:

" Close by the regal Chair

" Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

" A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.

" Heard ye the din of † battle bray,

" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

" Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,

" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

" Ye

---

* Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbi-
shop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their ma-
nifleso, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older
Writers) was starved to death. The story of his as-
sassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later
date.

† Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.
Ye Tow'rs of Julius, * London's lasting shame,

With many a soul and midnight murther fed,

Revere his † Consort's faith, his Father's ‡ fame,

And spare the meek || Usurper's holy head.

Above, below, the § rose of snow,

Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:

The bristled ¶ Boar, in infant gore,

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now

* Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence.
Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her Husband and her Crown.

‡ Henry the Fifth.

¶ Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the Crown.

§ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

¶ The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.
"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom,

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
"(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
"* Half of thy heart we consecrate.
"(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
"Stay, oh slay! nor thus forlorn
"Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
"In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
"They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.
"But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
"Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
"Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
"No more our long loft Arthur we bewail.
"All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a Baron bold,
"Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
"And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
"In bearded majesty, appear.

"It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Taliesin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.
"In the midst a Form divine!
"Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
"Her lion-port*, her awe-commanding face,
"Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
"What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
"What strains of vocal transport round her play!
"Hear from the grave, great Talieffin †, hear;
"They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
"Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
"Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

The

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie checks."

† Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the 17th Century. His works are still preferred, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.
"The verse adorn again
"* Fierce War, and faithful Love,
"And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
"In + bulkin'd measures move
"Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
"With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
"A § Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
"Gales from blooming Eden bear;
"|| And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
"That lost in long futurity expire.
"Fond,

* Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
Spenser's Proïme to the Fairy Queen.
† Shakespeare.
§ Milton.
|| The succession of Poets after Milton's time.
“Fond, impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
“Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day?
“To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
“And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
“Enough for me: With joy I see
“The different doom our Fates assign.
“Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care,
“To triumph, and to die, are mine.”

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.
THE
FATAL SISTERS.
AN ODE.
[From the Norse-Tongue.]

IN THE
ORCADES of Thormodus Torfaeus;
Hafniae, 1697, Folio: and also in
Bartolinus.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

E 4
ADVERTISEMENT.
The Author had once thoughts (in concert with a Friend) of giving THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY: In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this Island, and were our Progenitors: The following three Imitations made a part of them. He has long since dropped his design, especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a Person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.
PREFACE.

In the Eleventh Century Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Sictryg with the silken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their King, who fell in the action.
action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle) a Native of Caithness in Scotland saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful Song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped Six to the North and as many to the South.
THE
FATAL SISTERS.
AN ODE.

NOW the storm begins to low'r,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)

* Iron-fleet of arrowy show'r
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring

Note—The Valkyriur were female Divinities, Servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their names signify Chusers of the flain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r——
Milton's Parad. Regain'd.

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air.
Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
   Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
   Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane,

See the grisly texture grow,
   ('Tis of human entrails made,)  
And the weights, that play below,
   Each a gasping Warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
   Shoot the trembling cords along.  
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
   Keeps the tissue close and strong.

Misla black, terrific Maid,  
   Sangrida, and Hilda see, 
Join the wayward work to aid:  
   'Tis the woof of victory.
AN ODE.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
   Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
   Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
   Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our Friends the conflict share,
   Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
   Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field:
Gondula, and Geira, spread
   O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
   Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger, he shall live,
   (Weave the crimson web of war.)
THE FATAL SISTERS,

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the Plenty of the Plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of Immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.
Hail the task, and hail the hands!

Songs of joy and triumph, sing!

Joy to the victorious bands;

Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,

Learn the tenour of our Song.

Scotland, thro' each winding vale

Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:

Each her thundering faulchion wield;

Each bestride her fable steed,

Hurry, hurry to the field.
THE

DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE,

(From the NorsE-Tongue)

IN

Bartholinus, de causis contemnendae mortis;

Hafniæ, 1689, Quarto.

Upries Odin Allda Gautr, &c.
THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to *HELA's drear abode.

* Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it presided HE LA, the Goddess of Death.
Him the Dog of Darkness spy'd,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice
'Thrice pronounce'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;
'Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.

Thou
The Descent of Odin,

Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

Pr. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophete's, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate?

Pr.
A N O D E.

PR. In Hoder's hand the Heroe's doom:
His Brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Propheteis, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wond'rous Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam;
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.

F Now
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey,
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me, whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

P. R. Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line——

O. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good?
But Mother of the giant-brood!

P. R.
P.R. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again:
Till *Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hull'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.
THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry.

London, 1764, Quarto.
Owen succeeded his Father Griffin in the Principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty Years afterwards.
THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,

A FRAGMENT.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;
Fairest flower of Roderick's stem,
* Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem,
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big

* North-Wales.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow, long and gay,
* Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman fails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
‡ The Dragon-Son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;

Talymalfra's

* Denmark.

‡ The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader,
which all his descendants bore on their banners.
A FRAGMENT.

Talyynaltra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand Banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Haftly, haftly Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * *

F 5

CARMEN
CARMEN ELEGIA CUM.

IN

CO METERIO RUSTICO

COMPOSITUM.
CARMEN ELEGIAE CUM.

1.

AUDISTIN! quam lenta sonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.
Solus ego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus
Compono tacita nocte, vacoque mihi.

2.

Omnia pallecunt jam decedentia visu,
Et terra & cœlum, qua patet, omne filet.
Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vespera sero
Raucisonans pigrum qua rotat orbe fugam;
Cuncta silent, nisi qua faciles campanula somnos
Allicit, & lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quaèque
3. Quaèque hedera antiquas sociâ complecitur umbrâ
    Turres feralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et strepit ad lunam, si quis sub nocte vagetur
    Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

4. Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ
    Qua putris multo cespite turget humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit gens prisca coloniæm,
    Quisque suæ angustâ conditus usque domo.

5. Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantiæ aura,
    Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ âtridula garrit hirundo
    Stramineumque altâ sub trabe sigit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis
    Æterno eliciunt hos, repetentque toro.

6. Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
    Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini sub vespera sero
    Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad ofcula proles,
    Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam
7.
Quam sæpe Hi rastris glebam fregere servam!
Sæpe horum cecidit falsa resecata seges.
Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,
Et stimulis tardos increpuaere boves!
Horum sylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,
Quaque ruuit latè vi tremefecit humum!

8.
Ne tamen Ambitio risu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rude tennat opus!
Nec fronte excipiat ventosae Superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, histriasque breves.

9.
Et generis jaetatus horos, dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni,
Supremam simul hanc exspectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad leuthum ducit honoris iter.

10.
Nolite hos humiles culpae insimulare, Superbi
Quod domini ostendant nulla trophaeæ decus,
Quâ canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,
Clarosque ingeminent claustra profunda sonos.
11.
An vanis inscripta notis angustior urna
Phidias cumque loquens nobile marmor opus,
An revocent animam fatali a se de fugacem?
Detque iterum vita posse priore frui?
Posset adulantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

12.
Forsan in hoc, olim divino feminine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespite dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forsann jaceat sub cespite, sceptra
Cujus trautans imperiosa manus.
Vel quales ipsò forsann vel Apolline dignæ
Pulsànt doctò pollice fila lyræ.

13.
Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina priscæ
Nunquam divitas explicueri suas.
Horum autem ingenium torprscere fecit egestas
Aspera, et angustæ fors inimica domi.

14.
Multa sub oceano pellucida gemma latecit,
Et rudis ignotum fert et inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans rosa pandit odores,
Ponit et occiduo pendula sole caput.

Æmulus
15.
Æmulus Hampdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrestis
Quem patriæ indignans exsímulavit amor;
Austus hic exiguo est ut quæ oppugnare Tyranno,
Affere et forti jura paterna manu.
Aut mutus forsan, fatoque inglorius, alter
Hâc vel Miltono par requiescat humo.
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax
Qui patriam poterit vel jugulâsse suam,

16.
Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,
Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
Hístoriam ex populi colligere ore suam.

17.
Illorum vetuit fors improba,—nec tamen arêto
Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,
Verum etiam & vitia ulterior transâre vetabant,
Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare fœclus.
Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,
Excipere et furdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentirè
CARMEN ELEGIAEUM.

18.
Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborem,
Conscia suffusus quo notat ora pudor.
Luxuriā hi nunquam se seimmerfere superbā,
Nec musae his laudes profiteure suas.

19.
At placidē llorum, procul a certamine turbā
Specēabant propriam sobria vota domum ;
Quisque sibi vivens, et sponte inglorius exul,
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

20.
Hāc tamen a damno qui servet tutius offa,
En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem !
Et vera agresti eliciunt suspiria corde
Incultae effigies, indocilesque modi.

21.
Atque locum suppleant elegorum nomen et anni
Quae forma inscribit rustica Musa rudi :
Multa etiam sacrī diffundit commata textus
Quis medicans discat vulgus agresti mori.

22.
Heu, quis enim dubiā hāc dulcique excedere vitā
Jussus, et æternas jam subiturus aquas,
Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidusque supremo
Non saltem occidum Respicit ore diem?

Decedens
23.
Decedens alieui saltem mens fidit amico
In cujus blando pectore ponit opem,
Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas.
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inscia flammæ,
Natura exclamat fida, memorque fui.

24.
At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine fortæm,
Et defunctorum rustica fata gemis,
Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat
Et fuerit qualis fors tua forte roget.

25.
Huic aliquis forsan senior respondeat ultero,
Cui niveis albent tempora sparfa comis,
Vidimus hunc quam sæpe micantes roribus herbas
Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.
Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,
Summaque tendebat per juga lactus iter.

26.
Sæpe sub hac fago, radices undique circum
Quæ variè antiquas implicat alta suas,
Stratus humili meditans medio procumberet aestu,
Lufraretque inhians flebile murmum aquæ.
Sæpius
CARMEN ELEGIACUM.

27.
Sæpius hac sylvam propter, viridesque recessus
Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,
Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
Mufarumque frequens sollicitaret opem,
Jam veluti demens, tacitis erràrit in agris,
Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

28.
Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,
Nec juga, nec faliens fons, tacitumve nemus ;
Altera lux oritur ; nec apertà hic valle videtur,
Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

29.
Tertia succelfit—lentoque exangue cadaver
Ecce sepulcrali est pompa secuta gradu.
Tu lege, (namque potes) cælatum in marmore carmen,
Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis.

E P I T A P H I U M.

30.
CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,
Congesto hoc juvenem cespite servat humus,
Huic tamen arrisit jucunda Scientia vultu,
Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura fibi.
31. Largus opum fuit, et sincero pectore fretus,
   Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
Indoluit miserans inopi, lacrymasque profudit.
   Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit.
A cœlo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,
   Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

32. Ne merita ulterior de funt i exquirere pergas,
   Nec vitia ex sacrâ sed ep erre petas.
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter s pe condita restant,
   In gremio Patris siclicet atque Dei.
ELEGIA,

SCRIPTA IN

COEMETERIO RUSTICO.

LATINÈ REDDITA.
ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A

Country-Church-Yard.
AD

POETAM.

NOS quoque per tumulos, et amica Silentia dulcis,
Raptat Amor; Tecum liceat, Divine Poeta,
Ire simul, tacitaque lyram pulsare sub umbrâ.

Non tua securos fastidit Musa Penates,
Non humiles habitare casas, et forda Rura:
Quamvis radere iter liquidum super ardua Cæli
Cærula, Pindaricâ non expallesceret Alâ.
Quod si Te Latiae numeros audire Camæae
Non piget, et nostro vacat indulgere labori:
Fortè erit, ut vitreas recubans Anienis ad undas,
Te doceat resonare nemus, Te flumina, Pastor,
Et tua cæruleâ difcet Tiberinus in undâ
Carmina, cum tumulos præterlabetur agrestes.

Et
Et cum pallentes nueraberis Umbras,
Cum neque Te neque murmura fontis
Castalii, ut us, quam strinxit Apollo.
Ex humilit ulterior poterint revocare cubili:
Quamvis nulla tuum decoren Insignia Buxum,
At pia Musa super, nostre nihil indiga Laudis,
Perpetuas aget excubias, lacrymataque perenni
Nutriet ambrosios in odoro Cespite Flores.
ELEGI A.

i.

Audine ut occidua signum campana diei
Vespertina sonet! fleuntur se tarda per agros
Mugitusque armenta ciet, vestigia arator
Fessae domum trahit, et solus sub nocte relinquor.

Nunc
ELEGY.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
   The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
   The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
   And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now

* — squilla di lontano,
   Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

_Dante. Purgat. l. 8._

G 2
2.

Nunc rerum species evanida cedit, et omnis
Aura filet, nisi quà pigro scarabæus in orbis
Murmure se volvat, nisi tintinnabula longè
Dent sonitum, faciles pecori suadentia somnos;

3.

Aut nisi sola sedens hederosa in culmine turris
Ad Lunam effundat lugubres noctua cantus,
Visa queri, propter secretos fortè recessus
Si quis eat, turbetque antiqua et inhospita regna.

4.

Hic subterque rudes ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ
Quà super ingentes crebro tumet aggere cespes,
Æternum posuère angusto in carcere duri
Vitiarum Patres, et longa oblivia ducunt.
2.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
5.
Non vox Aurora croceos spirantis odores,
Non quae stramineo de tegmine fredit hirundo,
Non galli tuba clara, neque hos resonabile cornu,
Ex humili ulterius poterunt revocare cubili.

6.
Non illis splendente foco renovabitur ignis,
Sedula nec curas urgebis vespere conjux;
Non patris ad reditum tenero balbutiet ore
Certatimve amplexa genu petet oscula proles,

7.
Illis axepe seges maturâ cessit arifatë,
Illi axepe graves fregerunt vomere glebas;
Ah! quoties laeti sub plaustra egere juvencos!
Ah! quoties duro nemora ingemuere sub ictu!

Nec
E L E G Y.

5.
The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their fires return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
ELEGIA.

8.
Nec vitam utilibus qua incumbit provida curis,
Nec fortum ignotam, securesque gaudia ruris
Rideat Ambitio, tumidove Superbia fastu
Annales inopum quoscunque audire recuset.

9.
Sceptri grande decus, generosae stirpis honores,
Quicquid opes, aut forma dedit, commune sepulchrum
Opprimit, et leti non evitabilis hora.
Ducit laudis iter tantum ad confinia mortis.

10.
Parcite sic tellure sitis (ita fata volebant)
Si nulla in Memori surgant Insignia Bufo,
Qua longos per templi aditus, laqueataque tecta
Divinas iterare solent gravia organa laudes.

11.
Inscriptane valent urnae, spirantiaque aera,
Ad sedes fugientem animam revocare reliquas?
Dicite, sollicitet cineres si stamina reposto?
Gloria si gelidas Fatorum mulceat Aures?

Quis
E L E G Y.

8.
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10.
Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent duft,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

G 5 Perhaps
12.
Quis scit, an hic animus negelečtā in sede quiescat
Qui prius incaluit cœlestis femine flammae?
Quis scit, an hic sceptri manus haud indigna recumbat,
Quæve lyrae poterat inspirāsfe furorem?

13.
Annales sed nulla fuc,s His Mufa recluſit,
Dives opum variarum, et longo fertilis ævo:
Pauperies angusta sacra compsecuit ignes,
Et vivos animi glaciavit frigore cursus.

14.
Sæpe coruscantes puro fulgore sub antris
Abdidit Oceanus, cæcoque in gurgite gemmas;
Neglectus sæpe, in solis qui nascitur agris,
Flos rubet, inque auris frufrara dispertit odorem.

15.
Hic aliquis forte Hampdenus, qui pectore firmo
Obstitit Imperio pa私立 in sua rura Tyranni,
Militor us tum lo rudis atque inglorius illo
Dormiat, aut patrii Cromvellus sanguinis insons.

Eloquio
E L E G Y

12.
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

13.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15.
Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
16.

Eloquio attenti moderarier ora senatus,
Exitium sævique minas ridere doloris,
Per patriam largos fortunæ divitis imtres
Spargere, et in lato populi sé agnosceré vultu,

17.

Hos sua fors vetuit; tenuique in limite clausit
Virtutes, scelerisque simul compescuit ortum;
Ad folium cursus per cædem urgere cruentos,
Atque tuas vetuit, Clementia, claudere portas,

18.

Conatus premere occultos, quos conscia Veri
Mens fovet, ingenuique extinguere signa pudoris,
Luxuriaeque focos cumulare, Ædemque superbam
Thure, quod in sacrís Musarum adoleverat aris.

Infanæ
E L E G Y.

16.
Th' applause of lift'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

17.
Their lot forbid: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind;

18.
The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
19.

Infanæ procul amotis certamine turbæ
Sobria non illis dedicerunt vota vagari;
Securum vitæ per iter, vallemque reduclam,
Servabant placidum, cursu fallente; tenorem.

20.

Histamen incautus tumulis ne forte viator
Insultet, video circum monimenta caduca,
Quà numeris incompositis, rudibusque figuris
Offa tegit lapis, et suspiria poscit euntem.

21.

Pro mæstis elegis, culto pro carmine, scribit
Quicquid musa potest incondita, et nomen et annos;
Multaque queis animum moriens solatur agrestis,
Dogmata dispersit sacra Scripturâ.

Sollicitæ
E L E G Y.

19.

Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn’d to stray;
Along the cool sequester’d vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20.

Yet ev’n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck’d,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21.

Their name, their years, spelt by th’unletter’d muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy Text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For
22.

Sollicitæ quis enim, quis amatæ dulcia Vitæ
Tædia, sustinuit mutare silentibus umbis;
Deferuitve almæ confinia laeta diei,
Nec desiderio cunctantia lumina flexit?

23.

Projicit in gremium se se moriturus amicum,
Deficiensque oculus lachrymas, pia munera, poscit;
Quinetiam fida ex ipso Natura sepulchro
Exclamat, folitoque relucnet igne favillæ.
E L E G Y.

22.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

23.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,

Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,

* Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

Petrarch. Son. 169.
24.
At te, cui curae tumulo fine honore jacentes,
Incomptoque memor qui pingis agrestia versu;
Si quis erit, tua qui cognato pectore quondam
Fata roget, solâ secum meditatus in umbrâ,

25.
Fortè aliquis memoret, canus jam tempora Pastor,
“ Illum sæpe novo sub lucis vidimus ortu
“ Verrentem propero matutinos pede rores;
“ Nascenti super arva jugoša occurrere Soli.

26.
“ Illic antiquas ubi torquet devia fagus
“ Radices per humum, patulo sub tegmine, lascus
“ Solibus æstivis, se effundere sæpe solebat,
“ Lumina fixa tenens, rivumque notare loquacem.

“ Sæpe
E L E G Y.

24.
For thee, who mindful of th' un honour'd dead,
    Doft in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
    Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25.
Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
    "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
    Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
    To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

26.
    "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
    That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
    His littlest length at noontide would he stretch,
    And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
    "Hard
27.

"Sæpe istam aeffuetus prope sylvam errare, su- perbum
"Ridens nefcio quid; nunc multa abnormia volvens.
"Aut desperanti similis nunc pallidus ibat,
"Ut cura insanus, miserove agitatus amore.

28.

"Mane erat, et solito non illum in colle videbamus,
"Non illum in campo, notà nec in arboris umbrà:
"Jamque nova est exorta dies; neque flumina
propter,
"Nec propter sylvam, aut arvis erat ille jugosius.

29.

"Adveniente alià, portatum hunc ordine mæfto
"Vidimus, et tristès quâ se mita ducit ad Ædem
"Rite ire exequias; ades huc, et perlege carmen
"(Nam potes) inscriptum lapidi sub vepre vetustâ."

EPITA-
"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
"Mutter'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
"Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

28.
"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
"Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
"Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;"

29.
The next with dirges due, in sad array,
"Slow thro' the Church-way path we saw him borne.
"Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
"Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE
EPITAPHIOUM.

30.
NEC famae, neque notus, hic quiescit,
Fortunæ Juvenis, super silenti
Telluris gremio caput reponens.
Non cunas humiles, Laremque parvum
Contemptit pia Musa; flebilisque
Jussit Melpomene suum vocari.

31.
Huic largum fuit, integrumque pecus,
Et largum tuit a Deo favorem:
Solum quod potuit dare, indigenti
Indulgit lacrymam; Deusque Amicum,
Quod solum petiit, dedit roganti.

32.
Virtutes fuge curiosus ultra
Scrutari; fuge sedibus tremendis
Culpas eruere, in Patris Deique
Illic mente sacrâ simul repostæ
Inter spemque metumque conquiescunt.
HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
{ § There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ELEGIA

SCRITTA IN

CIMITERIO DI CAMPAGNA.
ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Translation into Italian is the production of an ingenious Gentleman and great admirer of English Literature, in the study of which he has made a very considerable progress, the Signor Abbate Crocchi of Sienna in Tuscany. — A person who lately travelled through that country, and, at his earnest request, obtained a copy of it from the Author, esteems himself happy in an opportunity of testifying his grateful remembrance of the pleasure, which, during his residence at Sienna, he enjoyed in the society and friendship of Signor Crocchi, and hopes it may on this occasion prove no unacceptable present to the Public, or unpleasing addition to the Editor's plan of collecting the best Translations of this admired Poem.
E L E - G I A.

IL Bronzo vesperтин con flebil rombo
Gia s'ode tintinnir ; dal firmamento
Sparito il dì, cade la notte a piombo.
Sciolto dal giogo il bue con passo lento
Va mugghiando pel campo, e l'aratore
A casa ciondolon sen' riede a ftento,
E al bujo, e a me ne lascia il mondo ; e fuore
Sparisce il verde suol ; suill' aria restà
Cupo silenzio in tenebroso orrore,
Se non là dove il Calabrone infetta
Colle ali fùe ronzanti, e al sonno invita
De' campanacci il suon per la foresta ;

H 2

Se
Se non là dove d' Ellera vestita
S' alza la torre, e stupidìa Civetta
Colla luna si duol, se la romita
Sua casa nel passar qualcuno infetta.
Sott' olmi scabri, e all' ombra di quei tassi
Dove la terra squallida, e negletta
In mucchj si solleva e dove tassi
Polve a tocco leggier, rustica gente
D'angusta fossa in sen sepolta tassi.
Non l'aura del matin, che dolcemente
Spira, non rondinella, che in suo tetto
Intesflutto di sen canta dolente;
Non del Corno il romor, che dirimpetto
Echeggia, e non del Gallo acuto canto
Rivoglier la potrà dal cupo letto.
Arder per lei più non vedrassi intanto
L'acceso socolar, nè la Casiera
La cena preparare a quello accanto.
I figli più non anderanno in schiera
Sulle ginocchia al genitor rampone
Per divider fra loro i baci a sera.
Sotto l’adunca falce, in sua stagione
Cadde la messa, e o! che con lieto cuore
Trassero al campo i buoi da sua magione
Per rompere le zolle! o! quale ardore
Mostrarono in tagliar le annose piante,
Che a’ colpi non reggea natio rigore!
Qui non si faccia ambizione avanti
Di questi a disprezzar l’util lavoro,
Lor rozze gioje, e lor destin mancante;
Ne quei che son ricchi d’argento e d’oro
De’ poveri la pura, e breve istoria
Con sorriso inuman credan disdoro*;

H 3

Alla

* Per disonore, poetice.
Alla tomba soltanto della gloria
Conducono le vie; la pompa, i falet
E potenza e beltà vanno in baldoria:
E tu, che il tron sulla superbia alzasti,
Non imputar de' miseri ad errore
Se monumento alcun non ritrovasti
Sulla lor tomba, dove più sonore
In lungo e dritto andron l'adorna volta
Fa risonar le laudi al gran fattore.

Forse un busto spirante, e un' urna scolta
Può richiamare indietro al suo soggiorno
Il fiato fugitivo un'altra volta?
Può dell' onor la voce in stile adorno
Tacita polve risvegliare, o puote
La morte intenerir, che venne attorno?
Chi sà che in queste oscure fosse ignote
Non sia sepoltò un cuor di fiamme pregno,
Discese in lui dalle celesti ruote;

Che
Che braccio qui non sia di sfettro degno
Per governare imperj, o per mandare
Della Cetera il suon d'estasi al segno.
Ma la scienza non mai volle spiegare
Agli occhi loro le seconde Carte
Di ciò che al tempo un dì seppè involare;
Fredda miseria senza spirto, ed arte
Il nobil foco lor tenne sopito
E l'alma irrigidì per ogni parte.
O quante gemme di fulgor squisito
Nelle caverne son dell' oceâno
* U' penetrar non puotesi dal lito!
Quanti fiori talor spuntar dal piano
Per non esser veduti, e grato odore
Dal deserto terren spirano in vano!

H 4

Qualche

* Per Ove.
Qualche rustico Hampden, che con valore
De' campi suoi al piccolo Tiranno
Intrepido mostrò fermezza, e cuore;
Qualche muto Milton, qualche d'inganno
Incapace Cromwell qui forse posa,
Che mai non fece alla sua patria danno.

Vietò loro il destin l'aura pomposa
Dell' astante senato, e l'incuranza
Di fortuna dolente, e rovinosa,
Sparger loro vietò dolce abbondanza
Con larga man sopra terren ridente,
E divulgar le imprese in lontananza:

Nè circoescrisse la virtù nascente,
Ma rifrisse i delitti, e al tron le strade
Non volle che s'apprendersi della gente
Per mezzo al sangue con taglienti spade,
Nè chiuse volle di pietà le porte
Agli occhi delle misere contrade;

Virtude
Virtude interna a lor toccata in forte
Vietò celare, e volle che mostrasse
Un ingenuo pudor ciascun da forte ;
Che l'idolo del lufto non si alzasse,
E di superbo incenso, acceso all'fuoco
Di lusinghiera Clio non mai fumasse.
Ben lunghi dalle risse, in cui per poco
S'impegna il volgo infan, le loro brame
Non fur use a volar di loco in loco ;
Lungo la fredda valle, ove lo flume
Traean di vita, il placido tenore
Serbaron del cammin lontan da trame.
Pur a protegger da insultante umore
Anche queste offa, un fragil monumento,
Eretto quivi a rusticale onore
Solamente un sospiro per un momento
Dal paseggier con rozze rime implora
E con sculture fabricate a fiuto.

H 5
Il nome loro, ed i lor anni ancora
Scritti da volgar musa in luogo intesti
Sono di fama, e d'elegìa sonora:
Sparsi veggionsì attorno i fagri testi
Che insegnano a partir da questa vita
Della campagna agli abitanti onesti;
Poichè chi mai vi fu, che in far partita
Lasciasse in preda al taciturno oblio
Quest' esser affio che pur piace e invita?
Chi dal lieto confin di vita usciò
Senza fissare un guardo impaziente
Nel tempo indietro, che di già sparì?
L' alma che parte dal suo sbral cadente
Conta in tenero petto, e qualche stilla
Richiede per pietà l'occhio languente;
Fin dal sepolcro la natura stirilla,
E fin per entro all nostro cener vive
Del confuicto ardor qualche scintilla.

In
In quanto a te, per man di cui si scrive
Delle persone in versi incolti il fatto
Che restàr senz' onor di vita priva,
Se di genio simili quà mai portato
Da cupo meditar per accidente
Fia 'l tuo destan da passegger cercato,
Forse qualche Bifolco a lui presente,
Per lunga etade incanutito il crine,
Dir gli potrà: Noi lo vedem sovente
Con frettoloso pie scuoter le brine
Allo spuntar della vermeiglia Aurora
Per incontrare il sol sulle colline.
Sdrajato al pie noi lo vedem talora
Di quell' antico tremolante Faggio,
Che lascia capriccioso intreccia fuora
Del suol le sue radici, e il caldo raggio
Temprar, del rio vicin sul margo all' iso,
Quando il sole era a mezzo del viaggio;
Ora pel bosco con giocondo viso
   S' udia vagando fave bizzarre folle
Brontolar con ischerno, e lieto riso ;
Or pallido e dolente, come fuole
Chi disperato è dagli affanni oppresso,
O d' un deluso amor quel che si duole.
In van l'attesi una mattina io flesso
Sulla collina, e lungo lo scopeto,
E all' albero a lui grato ancora appresso ;
Vi giunse un' altra in vece sua ; pel cheto
Bosco ei non si vedea, nè per la valle,
Nè sul colle, o al ruscello confueto ;
Il dì seguente per l' angusto calle,
Che guida al tempio, con lugubre ammanto
Gli amici lo portar sopra le spalle
Con dolenti sospir, con flebil canto.
   T' accosta, e leggi l' incisa canzone
   (Giacchè di legger tu puoi darti il vanto)
Là nella pietra sotto quel macchione.
EPITAFFIO.

Quant' in grembo della terra il capo pofa
Un giovane, la cui vita alla Fortuna,
Ed alla Fama fu sempre nascreta.
La Scienza non si degnò l'umil sua cuna,
Per suo seguito la Malinconia
Segnolto in fronte con marca opportuna.

Grande fu sua bontade, in sen nudria
Sincero il cor, il Ciel non fu nemico
Di premio uguale a tanta cortesia:
Quanto di bene avea donò al mendico,
Una lagrima sola: il Ciel cortese
D'ogni suo voto il fin delli, un amico.

Sua virtù non cercar di far palese,
Ne di trarre ti prenda altro desio
Sue colpe da quel luogo, u' fon comprese:
Sepolte entrambe in un profondo oblio
Riposano queste in paventosa sperme
Nel seno del suo padre, e del suo Dio
Finché del mondo giungan le ore estreme.

Altro
Altra Versione del medesimo Epitaffio,
In diverso Metro.

A Fama ed a Fortuna affatto ignoto
Un Giovane nel sen di queste Zolle
Qui posa il capo: a lui di bassa Stirpe
La Scienza non mostrò severo il ciglio:
Malinconia lo volle
Contrassegnar per figlio.
Grande fu sua bontà, l' alma sincera:
Grande ugualmente fu la recupenza,
Che il Ciel dar si compiacque a virtù vera.
Alla miseria, che in altrui vedea
Una Lagrima dì, che solo avea:
Dal Ciel ottenne (ch' altro non bramava)
Un amico fidel: Non ti curare
Di più sapere i merti, o di scavare
Da terribil foggiorno
Le fue fragilità:
Ivi ognuna si sta
Egualmente riposando insieme
In paventosa Speme
In sempiterno oblio
Del Padre suo nel seno, e del suo Dio.

O D E
O D E

Performed at the Installation of

His Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton.
O D E

Performed at the Installation of

His Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy,
Duke of Grafton.

A I R.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
"Comus, and his midnight crew,
"And Ignorance, with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain,
"Nor in these consecrated Bowers
"Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.

Nor
ODE.

CHORUS.

"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gaea
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-ey'd Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th'indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they, (accomp.)
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardor stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

A I R.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
"That Contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
"Oft at the blush of dawn
"I trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
"In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
"With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High Potentates and Dames of royal birth
And mitred Fathers in long order go:

Great
Great Edward * with the lilies on his brow,
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, † on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare ‡,
And Anjou's Heroine §, and the paler Rose ¶,
The rival of her crown, and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murther'd Saint ¶, and the majestic Lord §§
That broke the bonds of Rome.

* Edward III. gave the old foundation of Trinity College.
† Founded Pembroke-Hall. She married an Earl of Pembroke, who was killed in a tournament on his wedding-day.
‡ Founded Clare-Hall. Her father the Earl of Gloucester married a daughter of Edward I.
§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. founder of Queen's College.
¶ Elizabeth Wodeville, wife of Edward IV. augmented and improved the last mentioned college.
† Henry VI. founder of King's College.
§§ Henry VIII. enriched and enlarged Trinity-College.
ODÉ

(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er, (accomp.)
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

QUARTETTO.

"What is Grandeur, what is power?
"Heavier toil, superior pain.
"What the bright reward we gain?
"The grateful memory of the Good.
"Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
"The bees collected treasures sweet,
"Sweet musick's melting fall, but sweeter yet
"The still small voice of Gratitude.
"Foremost
ODE:

RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see!

"Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)

"To this thy kindred train, and me:

"Pleas'd in thy lineaments, we trace

"A Tudor's fire *, a Beaufort's † grace.

A I R.

"Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,

"The flower unheeded shall descry,

"And bid it round heaven's altars shed

"The fragrance of its blushing head:

"Shall raise from earth the latent gem

"To glitter on the diadem.

"Lo,

* The bloods of the Stuarts and of the Tudors were united by the marriage of a King of Scotland to a daughter of Henry VII.

† The father of the last named King, married the daughter of Beaufort Duke of Somerset.
ODE.

RECITATIVE.

"Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue reftin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
The laureate wreath that Cecil wore she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above, and men below,
Join, with glad voice, the loud symphonious lay.

GRAND
GRAND CHORUS.

" Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien
" Thy steady course of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep."
ODE

ON THE

Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.
ADVERTISEMENT:

Mr. Gray left the following beautiful lyric fragment unfinished at his decease. The supplementary lines, distinguished by Italic character, have been since added by the Rev. Mr. Mason.
O D E
ON THE
Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.

NOW the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the Sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling extacy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise,
Rise, my Soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt’rous Choir among;
Hark! ’tis Nature strikes the Lyre,
And leads the general song:
Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm, as the ray that bids it glow;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony and love.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
’Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune’s brow
Soft Reflection’s hand can trace;
And o’er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still,
AN ODE.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
   See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
   Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
   Chastis'd by sable tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the Wretch, that long has tost
   On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour loth,
   And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To Him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell,
   Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear *crystalline well,
   And taastes it as it goes.
While far below the madding Croud
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And perish in the boundless deeps.

* So Milton accents the word:

On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd.

P. L. Book vi. v. 772.

I 3 Mark
ON VICISSITUDE,

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,
Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
Their dull, but daily round:
To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine Joy?

Mark Ambition's march sublime
Up to Power's meridian height;
While pale-eyed Envy sees him climb,
And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,
Float hourly round Ambition's head:
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

Happier he, the Peasant, far,
From the pangs of Passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged Penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can stumble in the noontide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

He,
AN ODE.

He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his
Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day, the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In Heav'n's best treasures, Peace and Health.
ODE
ON THE
DEATH OF HOEL.
FROM THE WELCH*

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's Son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;

* Of Aneurin, styled the Monarch of the Bards.
He flourished about the time of Taliesin, A. D. 570.
This Ode is extracted from the Gododin, and now first published.
AN ODE.

Alone in Nature’s wealth array’d,
He ask’d, and had the lovely Maid.

To Cattraeth’s vale in glitt’ring row
Twice two hundred Warriors go;
Every Warrior’s manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath’d in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape’s extatic juice.
Flush’d with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth’s vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting thro’ the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

SONNET
SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. RICHARD WEST.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require.
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

EPITAPH

* Now first published.
LO! where this silent Marble weeps,
   A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps:
A Heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the Wound she left behind.
Her infant Image, here below,
Sits smiling on a Father's woe.
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
'Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

*This Lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and is buried in the Church of Beckenham, Kent.
EPI T A P H
ON
Sir WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each muse, each grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.
At Aix his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant honor seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.
With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast
Victor he stood on Bellisle's* rocky steeps—
Ah! gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy Friendship bends, and weeps.

ODE

*This Epitaph (hitherto unpublished) was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a Monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.
ODE
ON
RANELAGH.
Addressed to the Ladies.

BEING
A Parody on Mr. Gray's celebrated Ode
on a distant Prospect of Eton College.
The following Parodies and Burlesque Ode, written in Imitation of three of Mr. Gray's justly-admired Pieces, it is hoped will prove an agreeable entertainment to the Reader.
O DE
ON
R A N E L A G H.

{XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX}

YE dazzling lamps, ye jocund fires,
That from yon fabric shine,
Where grateful Pleasure yet admires
Her Lacy's * great design:

[1 2]

* Mr. Lacy, formerly one of the managers of Drury-lane theatre, is said to have first planned Ranelagh.
And ye, who from the fields which lie
Round Chelsea, with amazement's eye,
The gardens and the dome survey,
Whose walks, whose trees, whose lights among,
Wander the courtly train along
Their thought-dispelling way.

Ah, splendid room! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, walks belov'd in vain,
Where oft in happier times I stray'd,
A stranger then to pain:
I feel the gales, which from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
They seem to sooth my famish'd soul,
And, redolent of tea and roll,
To breathe a second spring.

Rotonda,
ODE ON RANELAGH.

Rotonda, say, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
In thy bright round with step serene,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who chiefly now delight to love
Green hyson, in the boiling wave;
The sable coffee, which distil?
What longing progeny are found,
Who stroll incessant round and round,
Like horses in a mill?

While some on earnest business dream:
And, gravely stupid, try
To search each complicated scheme
Of publick policy:
Some ladies leave the spacious dome
Around the garden's maze to roam,

[13]

And
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they walk they look behind,
Left fame a secret foe should find
From some malicious eye.

Loud mirth is theirs, and pleasing praise,
To beauty’s shrine address’d;
The sprightly songs, the melting lays,
Which charm the soften’d breast;
Their lively wit, invention free,
The sharp bon mot, keen repartee,
And ev’ry art coquetts employ;
The thoughtless day, the jocund night,
The spirits brisk, the sorrows light,
That fly th’ approach of joy.

Alas!
Alas! regardless of their doom,
    The lovely victims rove;
No sense of sufferings yet to come
    Can now their prudence move:
But see! where all around them wait
    The ministers of female fate,
    An artful, perjur'd, cruel train;
Ah! shew them where in ambush stand;
To seize their prey, the faithless band
    Of false deceitful men!

These shall the lust of gaming wear,
    That harpy of the mind,
With all the troop of rage and fear,
    That follows close behind:
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,

[I 4]
That gnaws bright Hymen's golden chain,
Who opens wide the fatal gate,
For sad distrust and ruthless hate,
And sorrow's pallid train.

Ambition this shall tempt to fix
Her hopes on something high,
To barter for a coach and fix,
Her peace and liberty.
The stings of scandal these shall try,
And affection's haughty eye,
That frowns on those it us'd to greet,
The cutting sneer, th' abusive song,
And false report that glides along,
With never-restiting feet.

And
And lo! where in the vale of years
A grisly tribe are seen;
Fancy's pale family of fears,
More hideous than their queen:
Struck with th' imaginary crew
Which artless nature never knew
These aid from quacks, and cordials beg,
While this, transform'd by folly's hand,
Remains a-while at her command
A tea-pot, or an egg.

To each her suff'ring: all must grieve,
And pour a silent groan,
At homage others charms receive,
Or flights that meet their own:

[I 5]
But ill the voice of truth severe
Will suit the gay, regardless ear,
Whose joy in mirth and revels lies!
Thought would destroy this paradise.
No more! — Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.
AN

Evening Contemplation

IN

A COLLEGE.

BEING

AN

Evening Contemplation

IN

A COLLEGE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,

With jarring sound the porter turns the key,

Then in his dreary mansion, flumb'ring, waits,

And slowly, sternly quits it — tho' for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly Moon

And thro' the cloyster peace and silence reign;

Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,

Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain.

Save
Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
    Where lies a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes thro' the gloom,
    The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where thro' the glimmering shade
    Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
    The peaceful fellows of the College sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
    The noisy servants ratt'ling o'er their head,
The call of bus'ness and domes'tick cares,
    Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chatt'ring females crowd their social fire,
    No dread have they of discord and of strife;
Unknown the names of husband and of fire,
    Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.
Oft have they bask'd along the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight:
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

O let not Temp'rance, too disdainful, hear
How long our feasts, how long our dinners last;
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast!

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face
(They themselves confess it and their fires bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace:
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th'involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gaiety display,
'Where thro' proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
Melodious Frai thrillis her quav'ring lay.'
AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

Say, is the sword well suited to the band,
   Does broider'd coat agree with fable gown,
Can Dresden's laces shade a churchman's hand,
   Or learning's vot'ries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in these time-tott'ring walls reside
   Some who were once the darlings of the fair;
Some who of old could taste and fashions guide,
   Contro'ol the manager and awe the play'r.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
   With Rome's rich spoils and Truth's exalted views;
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
   And bade them slight all females—but the Muse.

Full many a lark, high-tow'ring to the sky,
   Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
   With twinkling luftere glimmers thro' the night.

Some
IN A COLLEGE.

Some future Herring, that with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose,
Some mute, some thoughtless Hardwicke here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer, with steady course, the helm of state,

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;
Forbids, in Freedom's veil, to insult the throne,
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs.

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With "Pensions, Taxes, Marriages, and Jews;"
Or shut the gates of Heav'n on loft mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far
Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Ev'n now their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style,
On fluted pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the authors' names, tho' richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blund'ring binder's want of care;
And many a catalogue is strew'd around
To tell th'admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless Ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
Who there, but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a ling'ring look?
Reports attract the Lawyer's parting eyes,
   Novels Lord Foping and Sir Plume require,
For songs and plays the voice of beauty cries,
   And sense and nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
   Dost in these lines their artless tales relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
   Some antiquarian shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
   And say, "Each morn, unchill'd by frosts, he ran
   "With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
   "To reach the Chapel ere the psalms began.

   "There, in the arms of that lethargick chair,
   "Which rears its moth-devoured back so high,
   "At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
   "And por'd upon the news with curious eye.
   "Now
"Now by the fire, engag'd in serious talk,
"Or mirthful converse, would he loit'ring stand;
"Then in the garden close a sunny walk,
"Or launch the polish'd bowl with steady hand.

"One morn we miss'd him at the hour of pray'r,
"Beside the fire, and on his fav'rite green;
"Another came, nor yet within the chair,
"Nor yet at bowls, nor Chapel was he seen.

"The next we heard, that in a neighb'ring shire
"That day to Church he led a blushing bride,
"A nymph, whose snowy vest and maiden fear
"Improv'd her beauty while the knot was ty'd.

"Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
"He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent;
"Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
"Read here the letter which he lately sent."
IN A COLLEGE.

THE LETTER.

In rural innocence secure I dwell,
   Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
   And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,
   Two gifts my endless gratitude engage;
A wife, the joy and transport of my youth,
   Now, with a son, the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
   In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content, with calm, domestic life, where meet
   The smiles of friendship, and the sweets of love.

THE
THE BAR D:
A BURLESQUE ODE.

WRITTEN BY
R. LLOYD AND G. COLMAN.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ ΕΣ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ.  PINDAR, OLYMP. II.
ODE I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
   Cimmerian Muse! all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
   And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!

What Poet sings, and strikes the strings?
   It was the mighty Theban spoke.
   He, from the ever-living lyre,
   With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of modern Rhymers bray?
   It was cool M——n, or warm G——y
   Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

[K]  The
The shallow fop, in antic vest,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be singularly dreft,
Changes, with ev'ry changing moon, the mode.
Say, shall not then the heaven-born Muses too
Variety pursue?

Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the Muse the style of Cambria's sons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia she affect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?
A BURLESQUE ODE.

I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball,
The tyrant Fashion governs all.
She, fickle Goddess, whom, in days of yore,
The Idiot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore,
Long she paid him with disdain,
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain
On thy blest calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces sprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Fashion, Goddess ever young.

[K 2] Perch'd
Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride
Upon a weather-cock, astride.
Each blast that blows, around she goes,
While nodding o'er her crest,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light cameleon stands confess,
Changing its hues a thousand times an hour;
And in a vest is she array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor zoneless is her waist:
But fair and beautiful, I ween,
As the cestos-cinctur'd Queen,
Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.
She bids pursue the fav’rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt ode.
Meantime each Bard, with eager speed,
Vaults on the Pegasean steed:
Yet not that Pegafus of yore,
Which th’illustrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed:
High blood and youth his lufty veins inspire,
From Tottipontimoy he came,
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody-shoulder’d Arab was his fire;
* His Whitenose. He on fam’d Doncastria’s plains
Resign’d his fated breath:
In vain for life the struggling courser strains.
Ah who can run the race with Death?
The tyrant’s speed, or man or steed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chace, he wins the race,
We stumble, fall and die.

[K 3]

* The author is either mistaken in this place, or has else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. Whitenose was not the fire, but the son, of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar. HEBER.
Third from Whitenose springs
Pegasus with eagle wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground,
While all the Turf with acclamation rings.

He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
He too Newmarket won.

There Granta's Son
Seiz'd on the steed;
And thence him led (so Fate decreed)
To where old Cam, renown'd in Poet's song,
With his dark and inky waves
Either bank in silence laves,
Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

What
III. 1.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,
   In trimmest guise array'd,
First the neighing steed assay'd?
His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel:
The whiles he wins his whistling way.
   Prancing, ambling round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greenswerd gay:
   Till fated with the pleasing ride,
From the lofty steed dismounting,
He lies along, enwapt in conscious pride,
By gurgling rill or crystal fountain.

Lo!
Lo! next, a Bard, secure of praise,
His self-complacent countenance displays.
His broad mustachios, ting'd with golden dye,
Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye
O'erhung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious glare.
The grizzle grace
Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whose pond'rous weight
Would sink each wight of modern date,
He rides, well-pleas'd. So large a pair.
Not Garagantua's self might wear;
Not he, of nature fierce and cruel,
Who, if we trust to ancient ballad,
Devour'd three pilgrims in a fallad;
Nor he of the same germane, hight Pantagruel.

Accoutred
III. 3.
Accoutred thus, the advent'rous youth
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
Fast by whose side clear streams meand'ring creep;
But urges on amain the fiery steed
Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock uncouth:
Where the venerable herd
Of goats, with long and sapient beard,
And wanton kidlings their blithe revels keep;
Now up the mountain see him strain!
Now down the vale he's tost,
Now flashes on the sight again,
Now in the Palpable Obscure quite loft.

IV. 1.
Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all, all, is woe,
Disease, mischance, pale fear and dubious fate.
But, o'er every peril bounding
Ambition views not all the ills surrounding, And,
And, tip-toe on the mountain's steep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, see, he soars! with mighty wings outspread,
   And long resounding mane,
The Courser quits the plain.
Aloft in air, see, see him bear
The Bard, who shrouds
His Lyric glory in the clouds,
Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head!
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endless night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine! what daring spirit
Rides thee now? tho' he inherit
   Nor the pride nor self-opinion,
Which elate the mighty pair,
Each of Tafte the fav'rite minion;
Prancing thro' the desart air ;
A BURLESQUE ODE.

By help mechanic of equestrian block,
Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,
And, all unheedful of the critic mock,
Drive his light courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

THE END.
ELEGIA INGLESE
DEL SIGNOR
TOMMASO GRAY,
SOPRA UN CIMITERO
DI AMPAGNA
TR. ORTATA
IN VE LATINI,
E
VOLGARI.

IN EBLANA CIOCIOLXXXVI.
Presso G. SLEATER.
[L]
LO STAMPATORE
A CORTESI
LEGGI TORI.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Moleft her ancient solitary reign.

VERSIO NE

NUNZIO del di che parte intorno suona
Il cavo bronzo, e l'orator gia lasso
Move all' albergo, e i suoi folchi abbandona;

E l'armento muggiante passo passo
 Va per la piaggia errando, e lascia il mondo
A me, d' ogni suo lume ignudo e caffo.

Già scappa all'occhio, che si volve a tondo,
L' aspetto della terra, e in ogni lato
Del ciel regna silenzio, e orror profondo.

Sol
ELEGIA IN SEPULCRETO RUSTICO
CONSCRIPTA.

Ælius trieste ingeminat cedentis signa diei,
Mugit tardigradum per loca fola pecus;
Teeta petens, mundo tenebrisque mihiique relictus,
Sollicitum sefus carpit arator iter;

Deficientes oculis regio se subtrahit : æthram
Augustus late, mutus & horror habet,
Solum raucisonis melolonthae s se rotat alis,
Et mulcat clausas semisopitus oves

Tinnitus longe ; solum illa ex turre corymbis
Vestita, ad lunam secum habitans queritur
Secretos bubo deserta in fede recissus
Turbari inviso, regna vetusta, pede.

ITALIANA.

Sol ronzar s'ode scarafaggio alato,
E s' ode un tintinnio, che dolce invita
Al sonno il gregge nell' ovil ferrato.

E in quella torre ancor d' edra vestita
Duolfi il gufo alla luna, che uman pede
Turbi la muta sua stanza romita.

Là 've la terra tumefar si vede
Degli olmi all' ombra, e de' funerei taffi,
Ciascun riposto in sua rifretta fede,

* Ad cujus certos tinnitus Gulielmus Rex, occupata Anglia,
extinguui ubique ignem, & nocturna lumina jussit.

† Genus scarabæi flavi, μαλακὸν apud Aristophanem in Neb.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

—Oft

Dormono un ferreo sonno i vecchi laffè
Di questa villa abitatori; e mai
Non gli alzeran da' letti umili e bassè

Non di piante rondinella i lai,
Nè del mattin sonante aura odorosa,
Nè gallo annunziator de' prima rai,

Nè rauco suon di corno, ed altra cosa,
Per essi il focolar più non accende,
Nè cibi appresta affaccendata sposa.

—Nè,
Illis sub scabris ulmis, taxique sub umbra,
Pulvis ubi molles tollitur in cumulos,
Rurigenœ, quicunque sua, clauduntur in areâ
Sopiti cella tempus in omne patres.

Non vox thuriferœ Auroræ spirantis in aura,
Non quæ de culmis trinfât hirundo casæ,
Non galli clangor, non jam resonabile cornu
Eriget ex humili pectora strata toro.

Non illis focus ardebit, non sedula sero
Uxor adhibit opus, nec patris ad reditum
Accurrent balbi mati, nec basia circum
Genua adrepentes invidiosa petent.

Nè, allor ch’ umido vel la notte stende,
I pargoletti balbettando andranno
Incontro al padre che al tugurio siende :

Nè più, come solean, cerchio faranno
A’ fuoi ginocchi saltellando, e a prova
Baci avranno da lui, baci daranno.

Oh quante volte (e rimembrarlo giova)
Cessè all’ aratro di costor la dura
Zolla, e a terra cadeo la messe nuova !

[ L 4]
Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,
   Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
   How bow'd the woods, beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
   Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
   The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
   And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
   The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Come lieti e festosi oltre misura
   Trar fur visti cantando i giunti buoi
   Al campo, ove avean posta ogni lor cura!

Come ogni macchia, ed ogni bosco poi
   Col martellar delle taglienti fusi
   Spogliavan dell' onor de' tronchi suoi!

Ambizion, non disprezzar gli oscuri
   Nomi, e dei contadìn l' util lavoro
   E i diletti innocenti, e i gaudii puri.
Illis sæpe seges cessit sub salce resecta,
Sæpe illis duro gleba refraètæ solo est.
Ut læti junctis petierunt arva juvecis!
Ut gemuit validis ictibus omne nemus!

Non alni Ambitio sernat benefæcta laboris,
Gaudia & illa domus, fataque tæcta situ:
Non dedignanti subridens audiat aure
Faustus simplicium parvula gesta virum

Splendorem generis, præluftia Nomina, Opesque,
Quidquid & ipse Decor, Divitiaeque serunt,
Occupat atra æque non evitabilis Hora,
Gloriaque in tumulum dirigit alta vias.

At

Ni delle inonorate opre di loro
Sdegni il Fasto superbo udir la storia:
Che antica nobilita, poissanza, ed oro,

Valor d'arme, belta, grandezza, e boria,
Tutto è hoggetto a inevitabil morte,
E guida all' arca ogni sentier di gloria.

Ma tu di quei non accusar la forte,
Vano mortal, se in su la tomba eretto
Trofeo non han, ch' oltre all' obblio gli porte,

[ L 5 ]

Del
Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But

*Del Tempio in mezzo, ove l' arcato tetto
E il liscio muro ripercote intorno
D' inni, e di lodi armonial canto eletto.*

*Chiamar può forse d' un sepolcro adorno
L' ammirando artificio, o un busto vivo
L' alma fugace al suo primier foggiorno?*

*O il cener muto, che di vita è privo,
Voce d'onor sì che risvegli, e cruda
Morte non' abbia blande lodi a schivo?*

*Ma*
At Tu ne vitio Gens verte superba, quod illis
Mnemosyne in buftum nulla tropæa levet
Sub longis alis, cruflati & fornice templi,
Laudis ubi resonis intonat aura modis.

An primas animam in sedes revocare fugacem
Artifices urnæ, faxave viva queant ?
An tacitos cineres Honor excitet ore, placensve
Blandities gelida Mortis in aure sonet ?

Fors cor negleclus premitt angulus ille repostum,
Quod plenum ætheriis ignibus intus erat,
Fors dextram imperii data sceptra tenere valentem,
Aut vivas æstro follicitare sordes.

Ma che? di sotto a quella terra ignuda
Un cor già pien d' alme faville ardenti
Forse avvien che negletto ivi si chiuda ;

Forse una man, che le soggette genti
Regger saprebbe, o coll' amabil suono
Di grata sinfonia rapir le menti.

Sol Dottrina non feo cortese dono
A lor de' suoi sublimi ampj volumi,
Che di spoglie del tempo alteri fono ;
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unsathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

E fredda Povertate estinfe i lumi
Nati dell' alma, e le tarpò quell' ali,
Onde ad alto volar vien che s' impiumi.

Pur molte ascosè agli occhi de' mortali
Nell' ime grotte il cupo mar rinferra
Lucide gemme, e perle orientali:

E vaghi fior nella deserta terra
Spuntan non osservati, e in van l' olente
Fiato per l' aria si disperde ed erra.

Giacce
Ait ampla his nunquam Doctrina volumina lapsi
Ditata exuviiis temporis explicuit;
Frigida Paupertas rabiem compresit, & acrem
Cursum Animæ inducito fritinxit acuta gelu.

Sic tegitur late radianti luce fërena
Oceani cæcis plurima gemma vadis,
Invisusque rubet flos plurimus, atque profuso
Defertas redolens implet odore plagas.

Rusticus Hampdenus* fors hic, quem pectore vidit
Se contra intrepido stare Tyrannus agri,
Miltonusve † jacet mutus sine nomine, puras
Aut Cromuel ‡ gaudens cædis habere manus.

Patribus

Giacce ignoto così forse alla gente
Rustico Hampdén, che del poder natio
Al Tirannello repugnò sovente:

E giace in seno dell' oscuro obblio
Miltone agreste, e un Cromué, che puro
Da sangue cittadin visse e morio.

Contraria forte a lor vietiò securò
Petto mostrar tra le minacce e l' ire,
E sprezzar de' Tiranni il giogo duro:

* Patris Libertatis acerrimus vindex regnante Carolo I.
† Poeta insignis & auctor poenatis Paradisi Amissi.
‡ Patris Tyrannus cædis amantissimus.

O cogli
Th' applause of lift'ning senates to command,
   The threats of pain, and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
   And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbid: nor circumscrib'd alone
   Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
   And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
   To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury, and Pride
   With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.  

Far

O cogli strali del secondo dire
   Tra liete gridai, e suon di man con elle
D' attonita Assemblea l' alme serire:

O i doni d' ubertà spargere in quelle.
   Contraide, e in queste, o al popol grato e amico,
Scritte legger nel cor l' opre sue belle.

Ma se represse in lor destin nemico
   Gl' innati germi di virtà, tolfe anco,
L' esca, e 'l feme de' vizi al cor pudico.  

O for-
Patribus eloquio captis indicere plausus,
Nil pœne, exitii nil timuísse minas,
Spargere ridentem sæcundo munere terram,
Atque sua in populi cernere piëta oculis

Sors acta hos vetuit: nec jam crescentia solum
Germina Virtutum, sed Vitia omne genus
Repreflit simul, ad folium ne in sanguine narent,
Ne miserum objicerent pectora clausa malis,

Neve graves simulans tegeret Mens conficia motus,
Ingenuo extinctus vel Pudor ore foret,
Vel thura ad flammas Musarum accensa sonarent
Luxus & faûtus accumulata focis.

Hi,

O fortunati! niun di loro unquanco
Per mezzo al sangue andò nuotando al foglio,
Ne a' mali altrui voltò sdegnoso il fianco:

Ni' fordo sì mostrò qual' alpe o scoglio
Di coscienza all' alte grida, o in loco
Di modesto pudor s' armò d' orgoglio:

Ni' con molta arroganza e senno poco
Di Lussuria, e del Falso arse fu l' ara
Incenso acceso delle Muse al foco.

Lunge
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For

Lunge da van desir, da folle gara
Cosí non traviar col volgo infano
Dal sentier, cui Natura apre e rischiara.

Ma della vita nel solingo piano
Con innocente cor tranquilli e lieti
Tutti i spazi compiér del corso umano.

O Pazzaggiere, se fra questi olmi e abeti
Ti guida il piè, con un sospiro almeno
Onora gli offl loro riposti e cheti.

Questo
Hi, stulti abjegto procul a certamine Vulgi,
Haud unquam votis edidicere suis
Errare, egelidâ sed vitae in valle reduçi,
Et soli tacitâ semper iere viâ.

Offibus hisce tamen monumenta caduca tuendis
Addita, & abnormi carminis sculpta manu
Suspirî unius, quicunque accesserit isthuc,
Munere donari prætereunte rogant ;

Nominaque, atque Anni, quos Musa inscripît agrestis,
Pro Fama, & numeris sunt, Elegia, tuis ;
Et lecta et Sacris sententia plurima Chartis
Circumsufa, docet rustica corda mori.

Nam

Questo che i copre Mausoleo terreno,
Dalle ingiurie del cielo, e i rozzi versi
Deh guarda, e leggi, s' hai pietate in feno,

Inudi nomi, e gli anni lor diversi
Scrisse rustica Musa, e sono in vice
Di Fama, e di dolenti eleghi terfi :

E il pensier della morte ai vivi indice
Sentenza tolta dalle sacre carte,
Che appese qua e là veder ti lice.

Perchè
For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day;
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply

Perchè chi mai senza turbarsi in parte,
Certa preda d' Obbligio, da questa oh quanto!
Cara anche in mezzo a' guai vita fì parte?

E chi mai tra' mortali oggi può tanto,
Che lasci i vivi rai del Sol fiammante
Senza un fosphir, senza un segnal di pianto?

Su qualche amato cor l' alma spirante
Defia posarsi, e di pietosë stille
Chiede tributo ad un amico astante.

Non
Nam muti oblivi quis praeda futurus, ab illo
Optato cessit, quo viget, estque, bono,
Et hæti liquit tepesfacias luminis oras,
Nec retro ardentes flexit amans oculos?

Dulce super peætus jam jam exhalanda quiescit
Vis animæ, atque pias lumina lacrymulas
Claudenda exposcunt: Naturæ clamat ab ipso
Vox tumulo, et vivax flamma tenet cineres.

At de Te, Vates*, qui nunc ingloria vitâ
Funçtorum memori carmine facta colis,
Huc aliquid solo meditandi duætus amore,
Et tibi persimilis si tua fata roget,

Non son le fredde ceneri tranquille:
Parla Natura dalla tomba, e drento
Ardon de’ primi affetti le faville.

Ma di Te che sarà? che il nome spento
D’ obbhiati mortali, e oscure gesta
Ravvivi al suon d’ Aganippeo concento.

Se qualche Spirto al tuo conforme in questa
Solinga piaggia a meditar venuto
Del tuo defìino a domandar s’ arreßa,

* Loquitur Auclor de seipso sub persona Pastoris.
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
"Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
"His littlest length at noontide would he stretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
"Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
"Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
"Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
"Another came: nor yet beside the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
"The

Forse risponderà Pastor canuto:
Spesso il vedemmo i rugiadosi fiori
Premer con presto piè, pensoso e muto
Allo spuntar de' mattutini albori,
E farse incontro per aprica riva
A' nascenti del Sol primi splendori.
E' sdrajarsi solea sì in la viva
Sonante acqua d' un rio, mentre che al raggio
Dell' ardente meriggio il sol bolliva,
Là sotto l' ombra di crollante faggio,
Che con barbe attizzime ferpeggia,
E' tal volta sen gia presso il selvaggio

Bosco,
Fors ills canus tum pastor dicit: "in ipso
" Vidimus hunc albi limine fæpe diè
" Verrentem celeri pede rores, Solis ut orti
" Obvius exciperet, qua patet ora, jubar.
" Illo nutantis fagi sub tegmine, cujus
" Radicum ingenium tortile ludit humi,
" Proiectus medio, lentusque jacebat in æstu,
" Spectabatque caput lene fluentis aquæ.
" Juxta illum errabat lucum spernente renidens
" Nunc ore, & tenui murmurë vana crepans,
" Nunc languens, mãestusque, & pallidus, ut mifer,
" amens,
" Et qui transverso pressus amore jacet.
" Una dies venit; solito nec colle, nec ipsum
" Vidi ego dilectos arboris ante pedes:
" Altera succedit; nec fontis lympha, nec ipsum
" Amplius illa placens ora, nemusve dedit:

Proxima

Bosco, ora in atto d'uom che altrui dileggia
Borbottando fra se parole vane;
Ed or com' uom che per amor folleggia,

Per doglia, o colpi di sventure umane,
Dipinto di pallor languido e mesto
S' aggrava confuso in guise ftrane.

Sorfe un mattin; nè 'l vidi più per questo
Erbofo pian, nè sopra 'l poggio, o sotto
L' alber, dove fedia tacito e desto.

Febo l' altro mattino avea condotto,
Nè più ful rio, nè più ful balzo il vidi,
Nè al bosco, ov' era il suo dolce ridotto.

Nel
"The next with dirges due in sad array / borne,
"Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him
"Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
"Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPI T A P H.
"HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
"A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
"Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
"And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
"Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
"He gave to Mis'try (all he had) a tear,
"He gain'd from Heav'n (twas all he wish'd) a
"Friend.
"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
"Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
"(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
"The bosom of his Father and his God."

Nel terzo giorno alfin con meffi gridi
Già morto al Tempio ecco il vediam portarsi,
E la turba il seguia de' suoi più fidi.
T' appressa, e leggi (che ciò ben può farsi,
O Viator, da te) leggi la posta.
Scritta fu la fassa, che tra' rami sparfi
Di folto antico spino è quasi ascosa:

EPITAFFIO.
"QUI giace in seno alla gran madre antica
"Garzòn d' oscuro sangue, a Fama ignoto:
"Esè Fortuna lo guardò nemica,
"Il tesor di Dottrina a lui fu noto."

Ebbe
EPITAPHIUM

Hic Forti ignotus Juvenis, Famæque, reclivem
Cervicum Terræ detinet in gremio:
Non humili Doctrina loco pulcherrima natum
Sprevit, Tristites compositique suum.
Larga olli Bonitas sincero in peclore; at inde
Æque ille a Caelo præmia larga tuit:
Ærumna (hoc habuit) lâcrymam dedit ille; Só-
dalem
Illi (hoc optaret) Numen habere dedit.
Ne merita ulcerius quæras cognoscere, parva
Neu vitia horrenda e Sede vocare velis.
In spe cuncta illic pariter trepidante quiescunt,
Illius inque sinu stant Patris atque Dei.

Ebbe Malinconia compagnia e amica,
E cuor sincero, e d'ogni frode vota;
Larga'avea carità, ma largo a lui
Anche il Ciel si mostrò de' doni suoi
Alla miseria ei diè'stilla di pianto,
Ch' altro non ebbe; e a' fuoi defìr conforme
Fido amico trovò. Tu lascia intanta
Del cieco abisso nella gola enorme
I merti, e i falli fuoi. Nel grembo santo,
Al suo Padre, al suo Dio, che i passi e l'orme
Nostre investiga, tra timore e speme
Le buone opre e le ree posano insieme.

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